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The... Crimsoning High Seas

By PERCIE W. HART

of the *

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THE regular pacing of the sentry from side to side upon the level deck showed more than anything else that the huge floating mass of machinery and guns was lying at anchor in a sheltered haven. With one eye and one ear alert for possible disturbance of his present quiet, the marine utilized his other eye and ear for matters of a personal and private nature. Up forward a crowd of jackies were disporting themselves in accustomed fashion. One couple had on boxing gloves, and their own agility, combined with the criticisms of surrounding mates, promised skill of no mean order in this form of manly exercise. A little apart from the rest and slightly screened from the full effect of the sun by an iron ventilating shaft two strangely diverse types of humanity lay stretched out upon the deck side by side. One was a big, dark complexioned Irishman, with the grime of coal dust worn into the very fiber of his skin; the other, an undersized, ruddy cheeked youth, showed indications of gentle upbringing in every move that he made. To the uninitiated their uniforms appeared to be identical, but there were certain ear marks and signs which showed their ratings to the nautical mind—the former as a coal passer, the latter as a member of the gun's crew. The Irishman was at the moment merely sleeping—passing away an idle hour after the fashion of all animals and many men. His companion was reading, apparently with deep interest, from a copy of the "Iliad" in the original, for among the very lowest ranks in our navy, and unlike that of any other nation, you may find what you least expect.

An individual rather short and stout in figure came puffing up the steep ladder leading from the berth deck. Without pausing to watch the glove contest, now in its final and most exciting round, he slowly made his way aft.

"Halt!"

This abrupt command came from the lips of the sentry, whose single watchful eye and ear had sufficed.

"Hello, Billy," commented the intruder genially, completely unabashed by the other's show of dignity. "I want to speak with the captain for a minute or so. I've got a little scheme that"—

At this juncture it chanced that a tall and rather elderly looking officer came out from an adjacent cabin.

"Master Tailor Todds, sir," spoke out the sentry, bringing his piece to the salute. "Something he wants to show you."

"Eh, Todds! To show me?" remarked the captain somewhat wearily. Then motioning with his right hand he



Beresford slammed down hard on a lever and shouted a dozen orders.

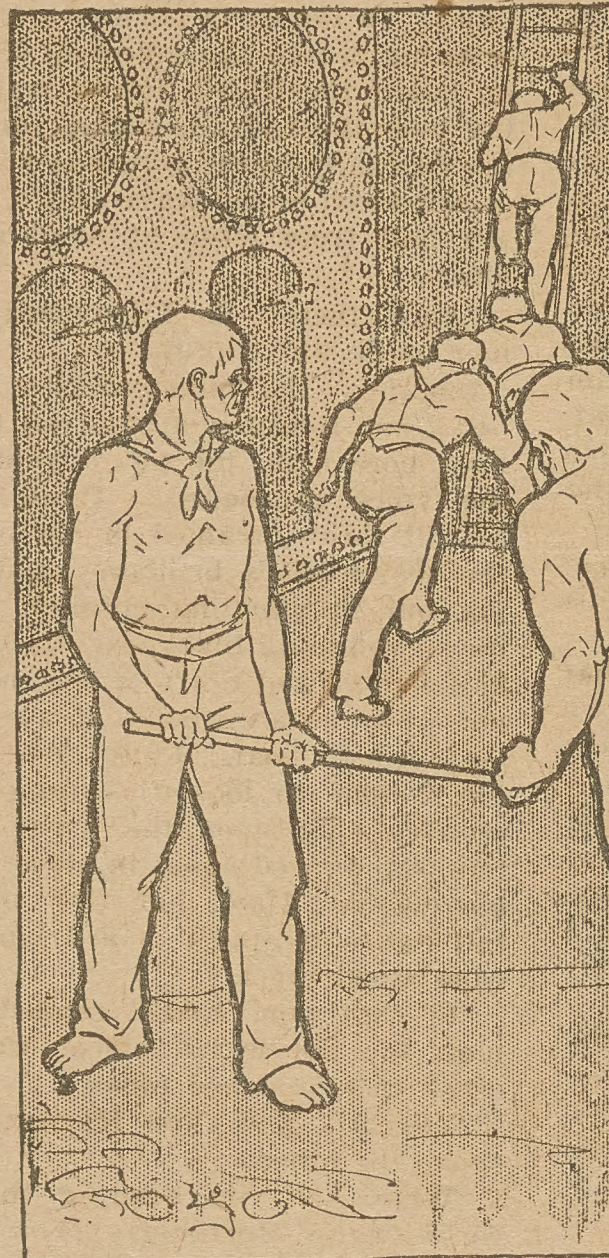
bade the other follow him.

Carefully holding what appeared to be some sort of an article of wearing apparel between his two pudgy hands, and poising it in midair as if he feared that even the soft contact of his own person might result in mutual injury, the visitor obeyed his commanding officer's gesture and trotted along behind.

A big man-of-war vessel of the old fashioned type was a veritable village

afloat, but a modern specimen of the same class is a city. On the broad and open deck of the old time frigate, where cattle roamed the spar deck and motherly hens raised their families in the longboats, was felt the freedom of village life, but not so on the monster modern ironclad. Here is well represented the compact and busy city. Does not the ever present trolley bring the coal from bunker to furnace and carry ammunition to the guns? The machine shops are well equipped factories in every sense of the word. Electric light wires and water mains run in all directions, and cement paved decks are laid wherever they may seem to be necessary.

Both villages and cities, moreover, possess craftsmen of various kinds, and such useful individuals are never lacking from a warship's complement. In the bygone days sailmakers, riggers, carpenters and spun yarn weavers were absolutely essential. These have been succeeded in our present generation by stokers, pipe fitters, boilermakers and electric linemen, but many of the other old callings continue to flourish in



The firemen rushed for the ladder, spite of the evolution from wooden hulls to steel ones and from shaking out the reefs in sails to piling on coal in the furnaces. Among those ship's craftsmen who have thus survived the era of change, and almost as important in these days of well fitting though simple uniforms as in those of cruder shape and lavish adornment, is that of the master tailor. It may take nine shore tailors to make a man, but one on shipboard often turns out very creditable specimens.

Obadiah Todds (so was he entered up-

on the books of the United States battleship Rhode Island) had scarcely been inside the captain's cabin two minutes before he emerged therefrom hurriedly and very red in the face. The sentry grinned derisively, but Todds never even scowled back at him.

"Foolish, is it?" he muttered as he returned to his quarters forward. "Foolish and nonsensical! Well, maybe it is, and then, again, maybe it isn't. Now, if he had said that there was no money available for supplying them at the moment I'd feel different. However, I may get a chance to try the thing before long, and then we'll see."

And he carefully placed the big bundle of cloth out of harm's way and betook himself to his ordinary duties. Obadiah Todds was a product of New England, a section of country which has brought to light more ingenious contrivances for aiding and supplementing the work of man than any other similar stretch of territory upon the whole globe's face. As became one of his blood, Obadiah was an inveterate inventor. His very latest scheme had just been most emphatically denounced by his captain. But still—following the blood strain which has given us sewing machines, typewriters and thousands of other similarly useful articles in spite of much more serious obstacles than their simple denouncement by an official—Obadiah cherished his project as tenderly as ever.

"I really believe that our whole company has gone crazy upon the subject of improvement in the latest improved modern methods of naval warfare," remarked Captain Beresford somewhat irritably to his aid, who had just entered the cabin. "The ship's tailor is the latest enthusiast. He has just been to see me about having the men supplied with a crazy kind of bullet proof coat that he has had patented. Had a model of the thing with him too. Lot of big steel spangles like, sewed on thick felt. Something on the idea of old chain armor, only Todds' variety of it looked more like fish scales than anything else. It's true enough, as he says, that the men about the superstructure are well nigh unprotected, but how on earth can you ask the enemy to fire only small arms at that particular spot? And Todds is just about the fifteenth today so far! One of the gunner's mates proposed a kind of an auger arrangement that was to be fitted upon the head of the shell, so that it would drill clean and clear right through one side of a ship and out the other. And then there has been Brownson with a wild and weird species of vernier for the range finders, and Lopincourt with something else. Anybody would think that I was the assistant secretary of the navy by the way they come after me."

And Lieutenant Mortimer discreetly kept in his pocket the diagram of a new and marvelous fleet evolution which he had spent the night hours of many weeks in formulating and conversed upon strictly nonprofessional topics with his chief.

Now, the specific order of the navy

department had so decreed that the gallant United States battleship Rhode Island should be one of a fleet dispatched to contest the enemy's passage. After many weary days of watchful cruising one of the fast little dispatch boats came scurrying back to the main body with the news that there was a big bank of smoke to windward. Almost immediately strings of colored flags began going up and down upon the signal halyards of the American vessels, tall black arms wigwagged from the bridges like inspired scarecrows and little steam launches darted hither and thither through the fleet. The rather straggling procession of warships lined up with much greater accuracy of interval and its course changed so as to head directly toward the suspicious bank of smoke.

Some little while after another small craft, an unprotected cruiser this time, came back to report the enemy as actually close at hand. The diminutive warship's flag signals were scarcely necessary to establish this last fact, however, for one of her two stubby masts was among the missing, and a portion of her superstructure had been cleared away with all the nicety of which a chance shot at long range is capable.

"The percentage of shattering as against incised wounds will be very large," argued Hughes in a gleeful tone of voice. "With one or two good cases involving the complete severance of the carotid artery, I"—To judge from their conversation at the mess table one might almost imagine that the chief surgeon and his assistant regarded the coming action as one especially designed to increase their store of professional knowledge.

"Did you see Hutton when you were aboard the Midget this morning?" queried Mortimer of Lopincourt as he passed the latter a desired sauce cruet.

"Yes," replied the one addressed. "Poor chap looked awfully white around the gills, and so were all of his people, in fact."

"Seasick, I suppose?" interrogated the other.

"Yes," answered Lopincourt. "Those beastly little torpedo craft just throw themselves about like snappers upon the tail of a kite. It was all I could do to hold on, calm as it is today. Hutton has lost one of his men already. Thrown against the edge of the gun shield. Horrible! Another poor fellow was so battered up that I took him with me to the flagship for treatment. Whatever possessed Hutton to give up his comfortable berth with us and apply for that command?"

"He always was a torpedo enthusiast, even when we were at Annapolis together," replied Mortimer.

"By the bye, somebody told me that he was married on the very day we sailed?" queried Lopincourt curiously. "Is it true?"

"Yes," replied the other, somewhat stiffly. "The date had been fixed before hostilities were reckoned upon, and it was carried out accordingly. I was his best man. He married my cousin, Lily Rodman."

"You don't say so?" ejaculated Lopincourt. "Gad! How romantic! I remember having seen Miss Rodman that was. They must make a fine looking couple, for she certainly is a devilish handsome girl."

The well trained stewards flitted noiselessly about supplying the wants of their uniformed superiors, for it was now twilight, and no battle could well be fought until the morrow.

It is good to see men eat heartily at any time. It is especially good to see leaders of other men eat heartily just before coming dangers. The account of it, passed along from the steward of the officers' mess to the marine corporal, and so from boatswain's mate to able seaman and loblolly boy, will have

almost as much effect upon the common enemy as the great armor piercing projectiles now reposing so peacefully in their casings far down below the water line.

"I heard an awfully good story when I was west last summer," began Smithers in his usual inane fashion. "It seems—er—that there had been a cyclone quite recently. Most astounding things, those cyclones. Er—I was assured by any number of reputable citizens—er— But I'll tell you the story—er—and you can judge for yourselves. You see?"

"What weight of broadside per minute do you figure that the enemy can actually throw, sir?" queried Brownson in a portentous tone of voice. Brownson, it may be remembered, was the same individual who believed that he could give lessons regarding the proper verniers for range finders to the whole ordnance bureau.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Lieutenant Beresford, "but I'd very much like to hear the rest of Smithers' cyclone story."

"Signal from flagship calling captains' conference at once, sir," announced an orderly, entering the mess room hurriedly and saluting as he spoke.

The lieutenant rose from the table, with a sigh. "Save some of that roast duck for me," were his parting words to the head steward.

* * * * *

The night set in dark and overcast. The air was heavy with the feel of an approaching storm center. While in no sense of the word quiet and subdued, the watch below were not nearly so boisterous as usual. There was considerable letter writing and some reverential Bible handling, but for most part the men utilized their hammocks as soon as they could be swung. The searchlights of the two hostile fleets kept flashing here, there and everywhere as they watched with jealous vigilance for signs of any untoward movement on the part of one another. In the early portion of the first morning watch the officer of the deck on board the Rhode Island was hanging over the taffrail, gazing somewhat mechanically at the gorgeous phosphorescent swirl of the wave crests, when a sea hail from close at hand aroused him.

"Ahoy there! Is Lieutenant Mortimer on deck?" was the cry.

Instantly the quartermaster swung his great reflector around so that its light bore upon the point from which the voice proceeded. There, within biscuit throw, framed in the circle of the searchlight's brilliancy and standing out in startling contrast against the surrounding blackness, was a small, half submerged craft—a floating infernal machine—a devourer of whole ships—a torpedo boat. Puny and despicable enough she looked as, tossed like a wooden chip upon the waste of waters, she danced about in never ceasing movement. Upon her tiny bridge a tall figure wrapped in a dripping sea cape stood erect.

"Is that you, Ned?" replied Mortimer, for the watch officer was none other, in astonished tones.

"Yes, it's Ned—Ned Hutton," again spoke the other.

"What are you heading that way for?" began Mortimer. "You're surely not going back to"—

"Yes, we are to try to surprise them in the rear before daylight," answered Hutton. "Now look out. I'm going to throw you something. It's a letter. You need not deliver it unless—unless something happens."

Scarcely waiting to finish his sentence, Hutton's arm swung back, and a chunk of lead with a sheet of note paper wrapped tightly about it landed upon the deck at Mortimer's feet.

"Goodby, old fellow," cried the tall figure upon the torpedo boat's bridge.

"Goodby, Ned, old chap!" answered Mortimer, gulping something hard down his throat at the same time. "Good luck to you!" he added as an afterthought. But even before he spoke at all in reply the little vessel had started onward, and the searchlight swinging forward once again left her in impenetrable obscurity.

Some hours later there was a quick glow in the distant sky, followed by the dull roar of an explosion that promised much. It certainly came from the direction in which the enemy's fleet lay. Soon after the sound of brisk cannonading was distinctly audible. In a short time this also ceased, and save for the never resting flashes from the huge reflectors nothing again disturbed the sullen quiet of the night.

The morning sun came up behind a bank of clouds, casting its glinting beam from one foam topped wave to another. The great opaque masses, tossing and wallowing about upon the surface, once again became visible to the eye in all their uncanny detail of guns and turrets. Far down on the horizon the hulls of the enemy's fleet were now distinctly visible.

But of the little torpedo boat Midget there was not the slightest sign.

"It's horribly like chess," remarked the executive officer to Captain Beresford as they stood upon the flying bridge together. "Of course any player would sacrifice a pawn in order to take one of his opponent's castles. I presume we may be considered as having won in this first move!"

"How so?" interrogated the commander eagerly.

"The Midget has certainly blown up one of their very biggest battleships," replied the other, taking the glass down from his eyes as he spoke. "But, upon the other hand, their destroyers have undoubtedly made short work of her before she could get away."

Both men were silent for a time.

"Good!" ejaculated the captain at last in a particularly mild mannered and satisfied tone. "Unless I am greatly mistaken the 'make ready' signal is going up on the flagship!"

"Aye, aye, sir," reported the grizzled old quartermaster. "There it is!"

"Clear ship for action!" bellowed the captain.

At these few words, passed on by the boatswain and his mates from deck to deck and from division to division to the preliminary overture of their shrill whistles, the men swarmed like working bees all over the huge fighting machine. The Rhode Island, in common with the rest of the fleet, was stripped down to her metal skin, ready to grapple with the foe. Down in her bowels the whole force of engineers and firemen were hard at it, the smoke belched from out the towering stacks in mighty volume, and the roar of steam escaping from the safety valves showed that even the boilers were a sharer in the general excitement of the situation.

"Sound general quarters!"

To the call of bugle and rattle of drum every single soul on board, even including Obadiah Todds, the worker on cloth and buttons, went to the particular station assigned them. Officers and men entered the big turrets, manned guns of the secondary battery, clambered up into the fighting tops or joined the powder division below decks. The engineers and firemen had their own special lines of effort to follow out. Not a single idler could be found among the hundreds who composed the crew of the big fighting ship. Of what purely commercial or municipal institution could such a thing be said?

"Cast loose and provide!" exultantly cried the commander, for even such

things as micrometer scales and cubes of smokeless powder have not been sufficient to destroy the ancient lust of battle when the breath of the enemy is in the air.

With this third and final order, before commencing action the crew stripped to the waist and went seriously to work. The huge shackles and clamps which hold the big masses of metal rigid in a seaway were thrown off and each gun duly loaded with the particular variety of ammunition for which it had an appetite. This latter fodder was already being delivered from the magazines below by the perspiring and blasphemous powder division.

Up in the armor inclosed conning tower of the Rhode Island sat Lieutenant Beresford, surrounded with speaking tubes, push buttons and various other more or less intricate signaling apparatus. With him was Lieutenant Mortimer. Both men had unlighted cigars tightly clamped between their teeth, and the captain had removed linen collar and necktie, at the same time carefully buttoning up his uniform coat.

"We ought to fetch in between those two biggest fellows," remarked the younger officer in a peculiarly sweet tone of voice. "The one on the starboard is just about our size, but the other ship looks rather larger."

"So she is," assented the skipper grimly. "According to reports, she must be a first class battleship, although they have nominally rated her as a second. She is one-third again our tonnage and throws very nearly twice the weight of broadside metal."

"Did you notice that Todds, the master tailor, had put on his bullet proof coat?" observed Mortimer, with a broad grin.

"No," laughed Beresford. "Where is his station?"

"At one of the secondary gun tubs," replied Mortimer.

"He must be 'loony' on the subject," said the skipper. "It's the safest place on the whole ship."

While this little conversation was proceeding the commander never ceased watching his own deck, the other vessels and the enemy's fleet from the various slits and eyeholes of the conning tower. At frequent intervals he also had occasion to manipulate some one or other of his various instruments. "Ah, ha! They're opening up in regular order," he muttered as a puff of smoke followed by a very fair report came from the headmost of the enemy's ships.

A small black object hurtled across the water, cutting the top of the waves in its progress and sinking in a white smother of foam near at hand.

"Trying distance with their six inch rifles," laconically observed the youthful officer. "I should call it not much over two miles."

Both fleets were now rushing toward one another as fast as their mighty engines could take them, and the fighting soon became general. The main fighting line of each, composed of the battleships and heavier armored cruisers, moved forward in regular column of attack. Upon meeting they would pass between one another's intervals and exchange volleys from their huge broadside and turret rifles at murderously short range. The lighter craft of either side, such as unprotected cruisers and commerce destroyers, hovered upon the flanks, ready to participate in the easy victories of a rout or to engage in a duel with such of their own class as might offer.

"The big fellow is swinging his fore turret around to train on us," remarked Mortimer quietly.

With a roar like that of a lion when about to jump at his prey, Lieutenant Beresford slammed down hard on a lever and shouted a dozen orders

through as many speaking tubes. Almost instantaneously the whole fabric quivered as the ship increased her already high rate of speed and fairly leaped ahead of her comrades.

"Are you ready there, Brownson?" called the captain through the tube that led to the forward main battery.

"Yes, sir," came back the reply. "But the vernier!"

"D—n the vernier!" was shouted through the tube. "You don't need any finder at this range. Let them!" But the rest of his speech was lost in a roar as if a whole magazine had exploded; the ship reeled and staggered like a sore stricken man, and two cigars with their ends bitten off lay rolling from side to side, unnoticed, upon the floor of the conning tower.

"A lucky shot indeed! They've spoiled the working of our main battery in great shape!" howled Beresford, with bloodshot eyes and lips foaming in rage. "Let her go, Brownson!" he yelled again.

Scarcely were the words well out of his mouth before the ship again reeled, only this time it was in recoil from her own discharge.

"Turn about is fair play, my bullies!" laughed Beresford discordantly. "That shot must have found its way somehow to her very vitals. Looks as if her machinery had suffered, the way her steam is blowing off."

In half a minute the action had become general. The reports from the mighty ten and twelve inch rifles, the concussion of which often bursts blood vessels in strong men's heads, were roaring and resounding upon every hand. The by no means insignificant secondary batteries served to fill in the gaps, and the crackle and rattle from the small arms were completely indistinguishable. Now were to be seen the fell results of scientific warfare.

A huge battleship of the enemy blew up, scattering death and destruction among friend and foe alike within her compass, and one of the American armored cruisers went down beneath the concentrated fire of two black monsters, with her guns still being served and Old Glory floating defiantly at the masthead. The air was poisoned with the dust and fumes from the various chemical explosives, and the soot and smoke from the overtaxed boilers lay like a pall over the scene of carnage.

There was a slight lull after the fleets had so passed through one another and were rounding up, preparatory to repeating the maneuver. Not a single one of the surviving ships had come out of the first attack unscathed. Their superstructures were practically demolished, and great rents and gaping holes were visible everywhere, in unprotected surface and armor plating alike. Moreover, several of them were floating hulks with both engines and guns smashed out of all usefulness, piled knee deep with scarlet horrors, and the few left alive upon them unable to do more than hope for the chance of rescue before they were swallowed up by the remorseless sea.

But there were still left a number of ships upon either side with the more important engines intact and many of their great guns capable even yet of surpassing their previous performance. These ships, reckless and ugly, with human blood pouring from their scuppers and madmen at their helms, were now bearing down upon one another. Among those of them flying American colors was the Rhode Island.

"Great Caesar's ghost!" howled Lieutenant Beresford in wild desperation. "What's the use of fighting expensive battles with cheap stuff? Here we are just at the second waltz and not a decent rifle on board. Those cursed castings in the carriages must have been full of air bubbles. Contract work! Ugh! What do we have dockyards

and government machine shops for anyway? They'll save a few dollars and lose all before they finish! Morty, my boy," and his voice softened noticeably, "I'm going to ram that big fellow who knocked our rifles to pieces. He seems to be unmanageable and can hardly get away from us, but his guns are as bitter as ever. It's a case of must. One of us will surely have to go to the bottom inside of three minutes. The speaking tubes are knocked sillywise. Steam I must have, and I want you to see that I get it!"

Below deck the young lieutenant found a startling contrast to the scene of riot and confusion above. The various mechanics were stoically performing their prosaic duties just as if they were on voyage, several oilers were dodging hither and thither with their long necked cans among the ponderously moving pieces of machinery, and the chief himself, with his gold braided coat thrown to one side, was carefully wiping off a brass mounted reversing lever with a bunch of fresh waste.

"We're all right here so far, Mortimer," he chuckled in reply to the young officer's hurried explanation of the coming move, "but the boilers don't seem to be making steam as they ought."

Without waiting for more the lieutenant darted toward the manhole from which an iron ladder descended to the furnace room still farther down. He reached it just as his ship received another discharge from the enemy's big guns, and the shock threw him the whole way to the floor beneath. Half stunned, he lay in a dark corner, utterly unable to move or speak for several minutes.

Upon either hand were rows of ruddy furnace doors. All about lay coal, cinders, grate bars, rakes, buckets, shovels and even men—if any reliance could be placed upon the light furnished by the few electric bulbs which still remained intact.

"Ain't ye ashamed of yersilves, ye lazy scuts!" a tall Irishman was shouting. This forceful speaker was naked to the waist, with whatever was the natural tint of his skin completely disguised in a mixture of coal, ashes and perspiration, but nevertheless in strange incongruity he had the remains of a red flannel shirt wrapped tightly around his neck. Without pause he continued: "Thryin' to stale up on deck it is you're afther, win ye ought to know that it's nayther the captain in his cudgy hole, nor the gunners in their chaase boxes, nor yit the ingineers wid their gould lace caps, that be the rale inside of a fightin' ship-o'-war in these days. Come out o' that, Dutchy Brown, and throw the sthuff into number noine. Begorry, she nades it bad enough. Fur the love of hivin', byes, kape out of me way and moind your fires like dacent min."

All the while he was thus addressing them he kept whirling a huge rake around his head, and several quiet bodies lying near seemed to show that he was as fluent with actions as with words.

"Git out d' way, Patsey!"

"To — wid de folres!"

"The ship's a-sinkin'!"

"We're not going to stay here and be drowned like rats in a hole!"

These and many another like comment the mutinous firemen were shouting. But they could not seem to out-argue the swinging bar of steel which defended the only available means of exit.

"Stoke up!" continued the red neck clothed giant, whom one of the others had addressed as Patsey. "It's sthame and not cowards this ship nades. Stoke up," he repeated in furious tones, "or I'll brain ye one by one. Faix, ye'll drown anyway, above or below, if the ship goes down, so ye moight as well

run your chance here and save me usin' up my strength in puttin' the bit of stale on ye. Stoke up, byes! It's bether to die workin' than— Whist! Who's callin' me?"

"Patsey!" once again feebly ejaculated the sadly battered Mortimer.

"Howly mither! 'Tis one of the officers makin' a social call on the loikes of us!" cried the big stoker.

"Hould yer hush, byes, while I converse wid him."

So saying and still keeping a watchful eye upon the little knot of badly stampeded coal heavers, Patsey came and stooped down alongside of the prostrate lieutenant.

"Roight ye are, sir," he replied to the hurried whispering of Mortimer. "It's yerself that!"

The rest of his sentence was lost in another lurch of the badly mauled ship, accompanied by the reverberations of the heavy cannonading, increased a thousandfold by the conductivity of the steel decks overhead.

"Niver mind the coal, byes!" shouted the giant exuberantly, yet making no move toward relinquishing his formidable weapon. "In wid the margency sthuff! And may the saints in hivin help the man that gets to worruk lasht of all!" he added piously.

Partly from habit, a little by reason of shame, but mostly through the desire of evading the certainty of Patsey's terrible blows, the stokers now stuffed their furnaces with that mysterious compound of cotton waste, oil, resin, and what not, known as "emergency fuel." Its effect was at once apparent. The steam gauges fairly leaped, while the intensely hot flames belched outward in spite of latched doors and licked the metal ceilings for half their breadth.

Once again the ship staggered beneath the shock of the enemy's cannonade.

"What's the matter wid our gunners?" suddenly demanded one of the most unruly workers. "They've scarcely fired at all, and we've been takin' rounds by the hundred!"

"It's disabled 'all our poppers be, darlint," cried Patsey joyously, "so we are goin' to ram the bloody oild!"

With a howl like a pack of hungry wolves, the firemen rushed in a body for the ladder of exit.

"Rhun fur all yer worth, byes," commented Patsey, half under his breath, as he leaned upon his weapon and made no further effort toward restraining them. "It's little I care now that the sthame be up, fur if she don't sink us—bad cess to her!—we'll do the thrick fur her, and it'll be more by the same token if we don't both of us go to the botham anyhow. Howly murder—that iver I should!"

With the sound of rending plates and crashing superstructures, the ship heeled far over to port, then righted and commenced to roll regularly from side to side. Stokers, Patsey, the injured lieutenant and all the debris of the furnace room were thrown in a single heap with small regard for their personal convenience.

Up in his conning tower Lieutenant Beresford looked mournfully out through the eye slits.

"It seems cold blooded work, but then they would play ducks and drakes with my rifles," he murmured as he noted the huge rent in the opposing battleship's side, with the water pouring into it like a mill sluice. Then he dashed hastily back through the over-

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lapping passageway that led out of his safe nook and gave the order, "All hands to save life!"

But without boats, life buoys or even ropes this matter was not capable of being conducted very satisfactorily.

"Enemy's flagship has hauled down ensign, and the others are following her lead, sir," reported one of the petty officers.

Not till that instant did Beresford notice the complete cessation of the cannonading. The battle was over, and the American fleet had won the day!

Far different from the trimly painted and polished, spick and span craft which had sailed away from port so proudly and defiantly some few short weeks ago were the cluster of battered and shattered steel hulks tossing and wallowing about in the heavy sea. But the saddest scenes of all were within their ruined casemates and—had best not be described.

"Hello!" remarked Hughes as he picked his way among the dead and wounded. "What on earth has this man got around him?"

"It's Obadiah Todds, sir," replied the orderly, bringing his hand to the salute. "It was his own invention. A bullet proof coat, sir."

"Eh?" sniffed the surgeon grimly. "And a spent piece of shot has ricocheted from the deck and driven some of the body armor into his vitals. If he had only been stripped like the rest it would have been a simple contusion. As it is, the man is practically as dead as a doornail."

Upon the return to port of the victorious American fleet a number of the seamen and marines were made blind drunk by well meaning but rather too enthusiastic civilians. Incidentally this resulted in the dishonorable discharge from the United States service of a red neckerchiefed stoker named Patsey.

James "Bulled" the Market.

A proud mother tells the following story of her hopeful young son of seven:

"James has always had an eye to a bit of money making wherever possible. The other day I was called from home rather suddenly and, being obliged to leave the baby asleep in her cradle, told James that he must keep watch over little sister and promised him 10 cents for his trouble. When I reached my husband's office, where James knew I was to stop, I found a telephone message awaiting me. My young financier wanted me to call him up, which I did. He wanted to know whether I didn't think his job worth a quarter if the baby should wake up. I knew the baby pretty well and felt safe in agreeing to this demand, for she always slept the morning through. Before I hung up the receiver, however, what was my amazement to hear James screaming at the poor little flarling:

"Wake up! Wake up, kid! Buddy's going to 'muse you!'"

Knew His Business.

A merchant whose daughter had married a man with whom it proved she could not get on very well was much surprised some weeks later to see the young lady return home again with all her belongings.

The old man listened very attentively to her story and then went to his desk and wrote a note to his son-in-law, which he gave to his daughter, assuring her that her husband would

receive her kindly after this.

The pair on reading the letter found in it the following notice:

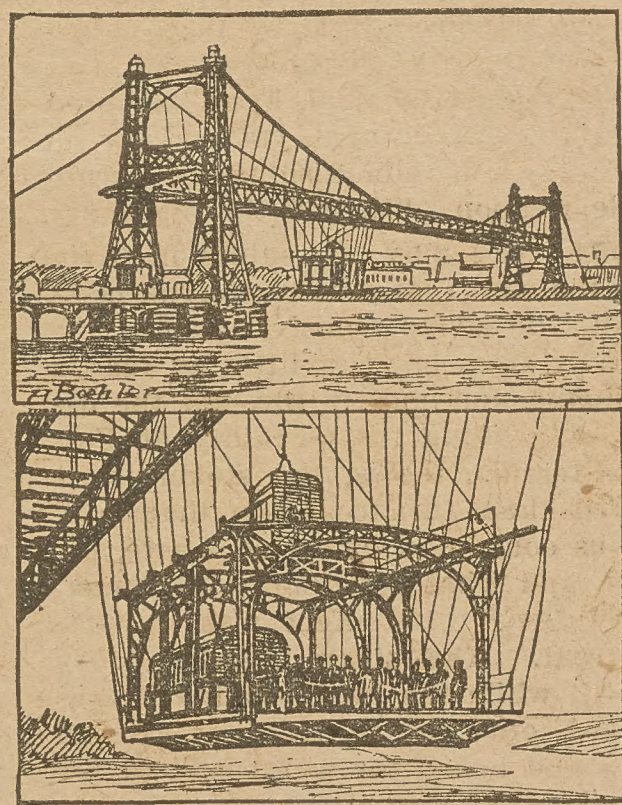
Dear Sir—Goods that have been selected of one's own free will at my establishment are not taken back again.

The young couple laughed heartily and were reconciled.

AN ENGINEERING TRIUMPH.

The Transporter Bridge Over the English River Mersey.

The Runcorn-Widnes bridge, which has been building for three and a half years, is now completed, says London Sphere. The bridge is of the "transporter" type and in design is precisely similar to an ordinary stiffened suspension bridge, with the exception that the approaches to the bridge are at a level, thus dispensing with the costly high level approaches, and the traffic, both foot and wheel, is carried on in a



BRIDGE AND CAR.

car suspended from the underside of the bridge. The bridge crosses the river Mersey and the ship canal between Runcorn, on the Cheshire side, and Widnes, on the Lancashire side, by a clear span of a thousand feet, this being by far the greatest span of any bridge in the United Kingdom designed to carry road traffic.

The four towers are constructed wholly of steel, and each consists of four square braced legs, upon the top of which is built a lantern 7 feet 6 inches in diameter and 8 feet high to the eaves, in each of which are placed powerful arc lamps. There are two main cables, each built up of 2,413 steel wires, anchored into the solid rock. From these cables are suspended two longitudinal stiffening girders, upon the lower flanges of which runs an electric trolley about 77 feet long, driven by two 35 horsepower motors. From the trolley is suspended the transporter car, 55 feet long and 24 feet wide, capable of carrying at one time four two-horse wagons and 300 people. On the top of the car is fixed the operator's cabin, in which is placed the controller and other apparatus, by means of which the operator has the car quite at command and can go about, reverse or put on the brakes at a moment's notice.

The time occupied in crossing the bridge is about two and a half minutes, so, with loading and unloading, it will be possible to make nine or ten trips per hour. The cost of the work has been about \$600,000, which is about one-third the cost of an ordinary high level bridge with costly approaches.

A NOVEL PERSUADER.

Moving Pictures Used by Mining Promoter to Help Sell Stock.

Just as the phonograph, beginning as an entertaining toy, has become an important factor in business, the moving picture is now being adapted to com-

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mercial uses. When you think of it there are lots of situations in which moving pictures can help the business man. If a photograph is convincing a motion photograph should be doubly so.

A mining expert who went to Europe from North Dakota a short time ago to interest British capitalists in new properties in the Black Hills country carried with him a moving picture outfit of some 600 pictures, showing every stage of work on the properties in which he is interested. He intends to show prospective investors not only that there really is a mine—there have been cases in which there was not, but only stock—but the stage reached in developing it, how many men are at work and how much machinery is employed. With the pictures he had a guarantee from the moving picture company that they were genuine and were made on the particular property cited by the mining promoter.

The idea is this mining promoter's own. He was many months collecting the pictures, and he has spent some \$10,000 on them. He believes this to be the first time that the moving picture has been adapted to commercial purposes in just this way, and he hopes to get back the cost of his investment and much more by selling stock in the companies concerned to the men who see the pictures. These are so arranged that they can be thrown on a three foot screen and exhibited in a private office or displayed in an enlarged size in a public hall. A larger screen and a bigger lens are the only changes required. —New York Times.

Telephones on Trains.

The Union Pacific will soon have in operation over all its lines a telephone system for the operation of trains and for the transaction of other business. The telephone system will not take the place of the telegraph, but will be supplementary to it. When the system is in successful operation, all trains will be equipped with telephone instruments which can be attached to the wires at any point along the lines for immediate use in case of accident or other emergency. The company has been using the telephone experimentally for two years or more, using its telegraph wires to carry telephone messages, and it has found that they can be used to advantage. It has been found to work best for short distances, but by means of relays it can be advantageously worked over the whole system.—Omaha Bee.

HAT PROBLEM SOLVED.

Brooklyn Inventor's Fireproof Box For Theater Bonnet.

With the valuable indorsement of the United States patent office, and if the proprietors of theaters and opera houses have no objection, the annoying theater hat problem is solved. A Brooklyn man is responsible for an interesting new device which he guarantees will fill this long felt want.

Men don't like to leave their head-gear outside in return for a pasteboard check, and ladies won't. Yet the crusade against women blotting out all view of the stage with their bonnets high and broad is too strong to be disregarded.

All these considerations inspired the Brooklyn man to invent and patent his "improved fireproof hat receptacle." This is a spacious square box occupying the whole space under the seat, with its front side open and the others, including top and bottom, constructed of asbestos cloth on a wire frame hinged to a bottom board.

When the seat is turned up against its back the wire frame collapses and the whole arrangement is flat and compressed against the bottom of the seat.

When madam approaches down the aisle the smiling usher lowers the seat and the wire frame springs out like that of an opera crush hat and there is a clean, snug compartment revealed which madam cannot ignore.

All she has to do is to unpin her hat, place it carefully in the asbestos box and screen it from all possible harm with her skirts, while the man occupying the next seat behind calls down blessings on her head.

Attached to the seat in front is a small mirror, just large enough for a woman to see her head in while putting on her hat after the performance is over. When the curtain goes down, instead of having to take her place in a long line leading to the cloakroom and stand there check in hand until she gets her hat, she can henceforth put her hat on before leaving her seat.—New York American.

CORK FOR POISON BOTTLES.

An Ingenious Device to Prevent Accident in Handling Drugs.

Many clever devices have been patented to minimize the risk of accidental poisoning, but either owing to the difficulties of placing the invention successfully (from the financial point of view) on the market or for some other reason none of these devices has ever yet been taken up.

But at last a possible solution of the problem has apparently been achieved by an inventor living in London.

During a recent interview this individual, Mr. H. P. Miller, showed the Illustrated Mail his invention. The secret of its future success, says the Mail, lies in its simplicity. The device is merely a tiny brass plate fastened to any cork, with two sides indented in such a way that the pressure of its "teeth" on the fingers would remind the most drowsy or the most careless



PROTECTIVE STOPPER.

person that the poison bottle was being handled. Fixed between the cork and the spiked brass is a ribbon, which goes around the neck of the bottle. This is to insure the cork not being lost.

Of course the little implement has the great merit over other inventions in that it is simple, cheap and can be fitted to any size or kind of cork bottle now in stock. Being attached to the neck of the bottle, there can be no interchanging, and if the stopper should be left out a reminder is given by a clicking of the indicator against the medicine glass and dangling around the fingers while in the act of pouring out.

Shipbuilding Under Glass.

That large ships should be built in glass houses is one of the marvels of modern progress. Seven shipbuilding docks, varying in length from 400 to 640 feet and in width from 90 to 100 feet, have been constructed by the Krupp company at Kiel. There are to be a dozen in all, constructed of iron and glass. This will enable the workmen to labor with but little use of artificial light. Their work will therefore be made easier and more profitable.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Is equivalent to the following proposition which we make you to-day. If you will send us the name and address of any reliable newsdealer in your town or neighborhood we will allow you for your trouble 25c towards a 35c yearly subscription to the REALM. That is, if you will send us the name and one dime, or 10c in unused stamps, we will send you, without any premiums, this paper for a whole year. Such an offer as this is not likely to last long, and as soon as this advertisement is withdrawn the offer will remain good no longer. Present subscribers may extend their subscriptions by remitting at once. Non-subscribers should embrace this opportunity to secure the REALM, a whole year for only 10c, thus saving 25c by subscribing at once. Names of newsdealers in Boston and vicinity will not be accepted upon these terms. Send other names at once to **A. BULLARD & COMPANY, 446 Tremont St., BOSTON, MASS.**

FINE LOT OF POSTAL CARDS

Probably have more unused Foreign Postal Cards than any other dealer in the world. Nearly 500,000, more than two truck loads.

Prices are way down. Fine set of 20 varieties of Dominican Republic cards, including double cards, post paid for 50c. 10 var. Honduras cards 25c. 10 Nicaragua cards 25c. 10 San Salvador cards 25c. All prepaid. Fine collection of 100 varieties foreign cards, all unused \$2.60. Send for lists wholesale or retail. The new catalogue out soon. Sent post paid for 58c and an entire sheet of 100 Cuban revenues free with order.

J. E. HANDSHAW, Smithtown Branch N. Y.

The STAMP-REALM

A REGULAR MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING THE
LATEST STAMP NEWS OF THE WORLD

STAMPS. 100 Honduras



etc., album & 1905 illustratd list, TWO cents. Agts 50 %.

Booklet telling how to scientifically repair damaged stamps FREE to new

agents. Illustrated list of thousands of bargains, free. Hill Stamp Co., S. End, Boston

A HOME-MADE U. S. STAMP ALBUM
WITHOUT MINOR VARIETIES
(To be Continued Monthly)

USE an unruled blank book of suitable size. Rule off the squares exactly as in the diagrams. They should be of the same size. The envelope section (see lower diagram) should be made in

the last half of the book. If one is a good letterer it is best to print or write the text, in a neat hand, with a jet-black ink, following the copy; but some may prefer to cut out the printed descriptions and carefully paste them into the album. When complete your album will hold about 200 general issue adhesives, some 40 due stamps, 100 departments and nearly 150 envelope and wrapper stamps—making as complete a U. S. album as the average collector could possibly fill.

STAMP NEWS.

THE rapid strides commercial philately is making in recent years not only attracts the attention of the collector, but the business man at large. One of the great department stores in Baltimore has added a philatelic department and its example will no doubt be followed by many similar stores all over the country in the course of time.

There will be a slight advance in the price of certain U.S. stamps in the 1906 Standard Catalogue which has been scheduled to appear about November 10.

In preparing a new catalogue the perplexing question is not merely what new material shall be added, but, also, what old material can be left out. For, as each year rolls around, a countless number of new issues must be added to the already bulky volume, fast growing into the size of a dictionary.

After 1897 the Standard Catalogue gave up pricing post cards. This furnished extra space for a few years, but by 1903 the book had begun to get unwieldy again, so that in 1904 foreign envelopes were omitted. And thus the process of elimination must necessarily go on. What will be the next move nobody ventures to say, but possibly 19th century stamps will eventually be in a volume by themselves.

4c orange; Indian hunting buffalo.	5c blue; Fremont on Rocky Mts.	8c brown; Troops guarding train.	10c violet; hardships of emigration
50c green; mining prospector	1.00 black; cattle in storm	2.00 brown; Bridge over Mississippi	
Pan-American issue			
1901 1c green & black Lake navigation	2c carmine & black Fast express	4c chocolate & black Automobile	5c blue & black Bridge at Niagara
			8c violet & black Canal locks
			10c brown & black Ocean navigation

Envelopes

Continued
2c. brown on white, amber, fawn, blue or manila

1884. July.
Similar but only 2 wavy lines in oval. 2c brown on white, amber, fawn, blue or manila.

STAMPS HAVE AN EDUCATIONAL VALUE.

In a certain school foreign stamps are used as a help to the study of geography. Educators are beginning to recognize, and make use of, the information stored up in the tiny bit of paper called a postage stamp. School boys who collect stamps are always the best scholars in geography, they take a great interest in historical studies, and develop a taste for the artistic, since postage stamps are the product of the highest artistic attainment of the world's greatest artists, the designs and plates costing more than for any other work of art.

WHO COLLECT STAMPS?

Everybody. Nobody is too poor to collect the common stamps of North America or Europe. Nobody is too rich to fail to derive a benefit from a pursuit which entertains, instructs and is, under certain conditions, profitable. A conservative estimate places the total number of collectors in America alone at 200,000. In Europe, the number is still greater. The Prince of Wales, Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden, the Mikado of Japan, Prince Damrong of Siam and many dukes, earls, counts, barons and baronets join hands with the every-day people in the most popular pursuit of the present time. The schoolboy is no longer alone an advocate of the charms of philately. His sister, his older brother, and many of his friends are as enthusiastic collectors as he.

THE TRUTH ABOUT REPRINTS.

Some collectors are still ignorant of the meaning of the term reprint, or re-impression, associating it with counterfeit. Reprints are impressions from the original plates, blocks or stones, from which stamps were printed, taken after the issue of the stamps had ceased, and are printed as specimens or curiosities for sale to collectors. Counterfeits, on the other hand, are not printed from the original plates, but are mere imitations. In 1899, when our government sold out a part of its stock of remaining newspaper stamps to collectors, it was found necessary to strike off certain values from the old plates to complete sets. These re-impressions were simply reprints which a few dealers in recent years have refused to sell because they were not originally used for postage. The object of the reprint is to furnish collectors with specimens for a few cents each of stamps which have become so scarce that the first printings can only be had by the wealthy. Some dealers refuse to sell them because they detract from the value of the early printings and because there is little or no value in handling them. Those few houses which cry down the genuine reprint, however, generally sell card-board proofs and such trash because the supply is limited and there is consequently a greater profit on the goods. They also have early printings on hand and wish to maintain prices.

Of course there is the genuine reprint and the unguanine. The latter, whether a government or private production, is only a counterfeit, but not the former. In the case of plates being destroyed after a limited number of reprints are made, these stamps often become as rare as the first printings. One of the greatest philatelists of this country, Mr. Luff, has a collection of reprints for which he paid nearly \$4000, and which contains specimens almost extinct.

GREAT AMOUNTS INVESTED IN STAMPS.

Two "Post Office" Mauritius stamps, the 1p and 2p of the 1847 issue, were sold a few years ago to a Parisian dealer for the snug sum of \$4800 each. This is the highest price known to have been paid for single stamps. The next highest price on record is for the 10c U. S. Postmaster's stamp

issued in Baltimore, of which only one specimen is known to exist. This was sold not long ago in New York for \$4500.

Three "Post Office" Mauritius stamps were sold in England recently for an average price per stamp of about \$4000. Probably the next highest price ever paid for a single stamp was \$3700, which went for the 2c Hawaiian stamp of the first issue. At a London auction sale \$2000 was paid for a 4p Western Australian stamp of the first issue with inverted center, of which only eight specimens can be located.

Immense sums have been paid for entire collections. Mr. M. P. Castle recently sold his collection of European stamps for no less than \$150,000. The same gentleman disposed of a collection of Australian stamps for \$50,000. Herr von Ferrary bought Judge Philbrick's collection for \$40,000. Dr. Legrand of Paris sold a collection some years ago for about \$37,000.

It is not at all uncommon to hear of an entire collection bringing from \$5000 to \$25,000, although we doubt if the average collection is worth over \$5. Besides stamp collecting, a great interest is taken in the collection of stamp literature, and we might mention many a library worth almost as much as the collection owned by the same individual.

MONEY IN RAISING TROUT.

Handsome Returns Made by Vermont Farmer on His Labors.

That a farmer can derive more profit from raising brook trout for the market than from most any other source of like requirements of money and time has been clearly demonstrated by Lewis J. Johnson, who has a fish preserve on his farm, two miles out of West Brattleboro, Vt. By utilizing the clear spring water running through his farm, by his own ingenuity and with a very little hired assistance within a few years he has established an inexpensive hatchery, where he has succeeded in hatching and growing a large number of brook trout, with which he has, partly at least, supplied the local market, besides furnishing thousands of small fish for stocking different streams in the adjoining towns. All these have netted Mr. Johnson a handsome return upon his capital invested, aside from the pleasure afforded and incidental diversion from the usual farm labor, which, however, it has not been necessary to slight because of his fish culture.

From a modest beginning Mr. Johnson has gone on with his fish establishment, adding new and inexpensive ponds and miniature falls by dividing and diverting the little spring fed rills, till today he has a succession of long pools stocked with thousands of sportive trout of all sizes, strong and flourishing in the purest and coldest water. In connection with his plant Mr. Johnson has constructed at an expense of a few dollars modest hatching houses, with their numerous troughs, in which to propagate the trout from the eggs. Here he has hatched this season 800,000 trout, all of which are alive and thrifty and most of which he hopes to raise for the market. Already he has orders for part of this fry at \$2 a pound.

It takes on an average two years to rear the fry to the fishing size, though of course some fish grow slower than others. Mr. Johnson has a few two pounders which are not much more than two years old.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

STAMPS PACKETS

Packet ZK contains 14 rare Honduras envelope and wrapper stamps, unused, 1890-92, all different. Catalogue value, 70c. Our price only **15 cents** which is only about one-fifth of what they are actually worth. *A bargain.*



Packet ZL contains a collection of 24 different used postage stamps from China and Japan only. Worth about 50c; our price, **13 cents**, which is less than the wholesale price. Our special bargain.

Packet SUI contains 100 all diff't U. S. stamps, no revenues, but practically all issues, including departments. Worth over \$3.00. Our price, postpaid, **\$1.00.**

Packet SU3 contains 32 different U. S. stamps, all obsolete, no revenues, 1861-1902, including stamps from every commemorative issue. Worth 40 cents. Postpaid only **10c**



Packet ZG contains 11 different Belgium Postal Packet stamps, 1895-1902. Worth about 50c; special bargain price, **10 CENTS**, postpaid.

Packet ZI contains 10 different stamps from Egypt, including rare envelope and official stamps. Worth about 25c; special price, **7 cents**. Postage one cent extra unless other goods are ordered with this packet.



Packet SU2 contains 500 all obsolete, mixed U. S. stamps. This packet contains duplicates. Price, postpaid, **30c**

Packet U contains a very fine collection of 29 all different Venezuelan postage stamps, 1879-1900, including early lithographic printings, perforations, surcharges and stamps worth 15 to 20c each. Value, about \$1.50. Our price, post free, **60c**



Packet ZA contains 25 different Australian postage stamps. It includes Tasmania (Jubilee), Victoria 1881 1p green worth 10 cts, and other fine stamps. Actually worth 50c.

BARGAIN PRICE, Post Free, 17 Cts.

Packet ZE contains 250 all different stamps from every quarter of the globe—Borneo, Shanghai, Newfoundland, Malta, Iceland, Etc. This fine collection only **\$1.25**

PACKET R. A Spanish War Packet, containing 40 U. S. Colonials and Cuban stamps only—the Hawaiian Is., Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Worth several times our price—postfree **45c.**



PACKET S contains 19 varieties of Heligoland stamps. Price, postpaid, **18 cents**



Packet T contains 100 fine all different, Mexican, South and Central American stamps only—a grand collection in itself including stamps from Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, Columbia, Uruguay, etc. Cat. value over \$2.50. Price, postpaid, only .. **\$1.00**

PACKET ZM contains 1000 well-mixed European stamps. A good assortment for the price, only **25 cents** postpaid. This packet contains duplicates.



PACKET I contains 1000 well-mixed postage stamps from Europe mostly but including some from Trinidad, Chili, Japan, Jamaica, &c. This packet contains duplicates. Postpaid, only **40c.**

Packet K contains 1000 stamps, including duplicates as above but a still better mixture, with a fine lot of stamps from Bosnia, Ecuador, Brazil, etc. Postpaid, only **\$1.00.**



Packet ZN contains 25 unused stamps from Hamburg, Samoa, Roman States, Argentine Repub. (1st issue) and Sardinia. All reprinted issues, not counterfeits. List value is 54c. Special bargain price, **14c**

Packet C contains 20 different stamps from South America, including specimens from Argentine Republic, Brazil, Ecuador, &c. **20 DIFFERENT STAMPS, 23 CENTS**

PACKET D contains 75 varieties of good stamps for **BEGINNERS**, including specimens from Roumania, Japan, Egypt, Dutch Indies, Greece, Switzerland, &c. **75 Different, postp'd, 15c**



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U. S. Stamps

Packet H contains 30 different U. S. stamps, including Department, Columbus and other fine issues. **30 Different U. S. Stamps, postp'd 25c**

Packet N contains 50 rare Mexican Revenue stamps, including many issues from the earliest to the more recent. Bargain; **\$1.00**

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Packet 2A Contains 100 mixed stamps, including curious and unused stamps from Roman States, Constantinople, Porto Rico, Sweden (official), etc. This packet contains duplicates. Postpaid, only **10 cts.**

Packet 2B Contains 100 mixed stamps, including fine specimens from Egypt, Argentine Repub., Ceylon, Japan, etc. This packet contains duplicates. Postpaid, **10c.**

Packet 2C Contains 100 mixed stamps, some old ones, and includes U. S. (early issues), Belgium (Postal Packet), Roumania, Mexico, Venezuela, etc. This packet contains duplicates. Postpaid, **10c.**



PACKET A Contains 30 fine different stamps from all quarters of the globe, including Corea, Bulgaria, Costa Rica, Peru, old Salvador, U. S. Locals, etc. Worth about 60 cts. Bargain price, **15 cts.**

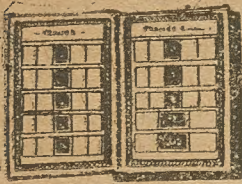


PACKET B Contains 25 stamps from **BRITISH COLONIES** only, such as Jamaica, Mauritius, Queensland, Western Australia (swan), New Brunswick, etc. 25 varieties, postpaid, only **20 Cents.**

THE LEE STAMP COMPANY

Dept. R, BOSTON, MASS., Station A



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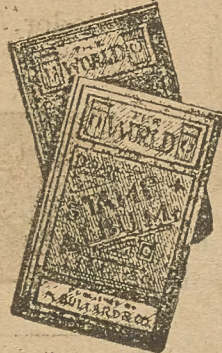
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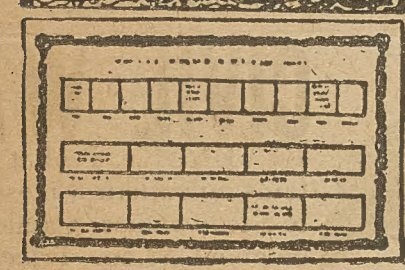
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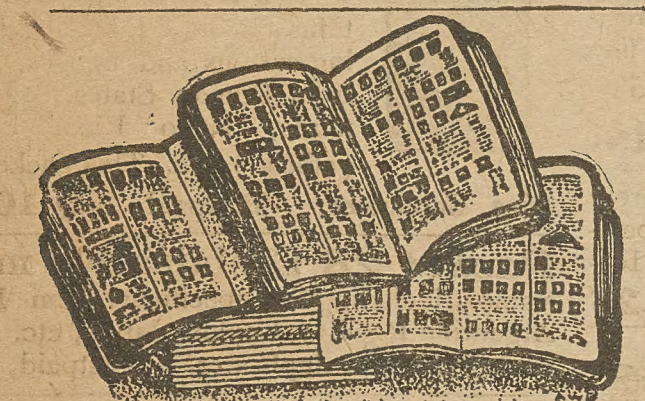
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JUNE, 1906

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Hub Hinge, die-cut, 1000.....09

La France, imported tasteless-gum paper hinge, 1000.....13

Hygienic Hinge, pure gum arabic and antiseptic onion-skin paper, hand coated, 1000.....18

Jumbo, very large for envelopes, revenues, etc., already bent for use, 500.....11

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